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Bard

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**Metrical analytics
foxtrot in Vlasov
the woman leads
the answer through the woods
hand on spine
where music came from
that cracked pitcher at the living well.**

**2.
Time to renew.
It all is singing
yes. Depending
how you breathe or beat it
short breath of green time
when the waltz was new?**

**3.
When he wrote Ave Maria
and ever after. It is time
in question here, time
to be renewed.
Milder than music fiercer than song.**

**4.
But who could that be, Omar?
What caravan could carry it
beast-footed northward
the sound of salt on the tongue?**

5.

**There is a pattern in these leaves
Socrates began by trying
to approximate carving stone,
each of the Graces as a different tree.
That was the dialectic,
reading one book while thinking of another
and it gets better, two songs at once,
dreams in the workplace,
a schooner leaving money far behind.**

6.

**Because music will never be richer
than the philosophy of its age.
That makes you divine, chérie,
when you write about Marx
but where do the cellos fit in,
their heavy breathing from a richer time?**

7.

**Loganberry tart and Sinding song,
Melartin and Petterson.
There are alternatives to where we are,
another window open on another meadow,
children help us to remember trees.**

12 May 2014

= = = = =

**I am tired of preferences
tired of opinions based on them
tired of taste and memory**

**I am not tired of music
only of the way they make me hear it,
they, mes pensées, my enemies.**

12 May 2014

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The need of it

**trying to recoil
on the first thinking**

**the philosopher
set his mind at rest**

**default condition.
Nada. But nothing**

**with brightness in it.
As it. How can that be.**

**Thinking has no object—
that is to be free.**

12 May 2014

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**Who bloom. *Virag*.
Come to me, rose
from Sharon, flower.
You walked me
one summer idle hour
over wooden bridges
of your branches,
showed me the eternal
river of the air
flowing below.
You flushed pink
all summer, always
cool beneath my awed
seeing. Bloom again
for me, magic spell,
dewy impropriety
a man and a flower
air marries them
time leaves them alone.**

13 May 2014

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As if nobody could
or silence—an Indian
on a rock—could take
hours. Now begin.

The aria is a fist in the sky.
Everybody knows it.
We struggle against capital
shirt by shirt—nakedness
is a sort of answer—never
enough skin for all that mind.

2.
In John
Wanamaker's department
store there
was in the Village
a great organ
and I was a child.
Sound filled my building.
Lure us in, keep us
thrilled. Something
given back. Theory
of exchange.
Warenwert der Musik
does that sound still
like music to you?

3.

What the sound
says.

*Leave me alone
inside you
I have work to do,
you'd only get
in the way of what I
have come to say.*

4.

Yes Rose song
meant you to.
We watched water
sluggish under word
until we were
just us again
and no harm done,
safe with a flower
not even in hand.

5.

Crippled by faith
was slow to think.
Keep coming back
to that blank day.
Where memories intersect
the child is born.

**But mostly what we remember
is asymptotic, comes
close but never touches.
This is a sign
to leave alone
the leaf-fall
the curve of cloth
and what it told
the air. I had
never been here before.**

13 May 2014

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**See if you write
from memory it comes
out elegies, if
you look out the window
politics, White keys
black keys, anger
on smiling faces.
We love our job,
we are ocean
we keep coming
wash everything away.**

13 May 2014

ARROWS

**Not now a bow
newe bent
but a ball**

**and still the revels
of our phant'sies lead
love's orthodoxies**

**amid the round wood—
full moon unsatisfied
let the ever-arrow fly!**

**The arrow winging to the moon,
the full moon!**

**Let me live
to see that passionate insertion,
climax of all our local space,
tradesmen clapping their hands
anxious scholars on the hilltop
bent to their devices, measuring
at last the pregnancy of night.**

*

**And then it comes to me newborn.
happy haruspex, priests proffering
auspicious names, the queen
exhausted asleep on her dark couch.**

*

**With a bowstring made of bees
taut in formation. who
is the bow then, and whose
daring — or insensate — fingers
lets it fly? I claim all this
is translated from the Sanskrit—
it's up to you to prove I lie.**

14 May 2014

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**Dumézil told me so much of this
in that corner café behind Saint-Julien—
watch for things that come in threes
he said, they are your gods, the root
divinities of everything you learn
or dare to claim you know. But Georges
what about the other numbers I asked.
There are no others—only three. Or none.**

14 May 2014

[FOOTNOTE]

**I'm writing this with an antique Rapidograph—
blue cap — that wasn't antique when I bought it
new. Time's arrow changes adjectives and prices—
how well it writes! How well it flies!**

14.V.14

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**To lift the velvet
after all
with reverent palms
towards the one
taste that answers.
Earth. Enclosure.
A wall round specifics.
Garden in there,
drenched lilacs.
love misspelling
everything all at once.**

14 May 2014

= = = = =

**Bird goes by, bees stay.
aWind teases us all.
They have motors in them,
mine is idling. To wait
is to be like the wind.
To outwait time. Long
time. Miracle of still
being here. In Vienna
we called this music.**

14 May 2014

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**Where things suddenly stop.
Pickerel weed around the pond
over the hill. On the limps
of swimmers the water runs
like oil, slow and glistening
if anyone dared to swim there.
Beavers live at the far end
but here you are, watching
slow crest the little dam.
The swimmers have all gone
back to their poems and theories
leaving the sun to set in peace.**

14 May 2014

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**Count the leaves on that maple.
symphony in Tree Major. Numbers
align with their absences. A hole
in the middle of me. All this
to fill it almost up. The wood of music
carved by mind. Something like that.**

14 May 2014

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**The problem is fixation.
It doesn't go away.
It clings to its object
as the eye adheres
to every passerby
as it can never not,
asking Is this the one?
And it never is.**

14 May 2014

= = = =

Dusky

**like the skin
of some Icelandic blonds,
a velvet underlay of tan
below the pale,
as if like their island
their heat was from inside,
they bronze inside out.**

15.V.14

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**Approach is aggression
leads to banishment.
Sin everywhere.
I was reading a book where the
sameness of the narrator's passion
obliterated the differences of its object,
all his loves the same, only the names
different. I asked myself
the obvious question and fell
as they say a-weeping. Dreams
do all this better. The differences.**

15 May 2014

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**Enough of me
now turn to it
the spelunkkers coming out
puzzled by the ordinary light**

**the quiet rain.
Or the child in love with
opera already
coming out of the Met in his sweater**

**that was Aida this is the Nile
or in Paris once he heard
a blind man singing in the street—
what more is there to tell than this?**

15 May 2014